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THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c. AND FRANCIS ROSS, FORMERLY SOLE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

No. 4. NEW SERIES.]

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CHELSEA PENSIONERS.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,
VOL. I.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.
C

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. IV.—THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

We presented our readers in the preceding volume of the *SATURDAY JOURNAL*, with an engraving representing a group of Greenwich pensioners, accompanied by a letter-press account of their habits and modes of occupation in the splendid asylum in which they are destined to spend the remainder of their days. The remarks which we then made in reference to the Greenwich pensioners so largely apply to the Chelsea pensioners, as to spare us the necessity of any extended observations on the present occasion. Most of our readers are aware, that while Greenwich Hospital is exclusively a naval asylum for those jolly tars, whose home has for many years been on the deep, and who have served within the wooden walls of old England, Chelsea Hospital is the asylum of those who have served in the army. While the Greenwich pensioners exclusively talk of Lords Nelson, St. Vincent, and the other distinguished naval heroes under whom they fought the battles of their country,—the names of Wellington, Uxbridge, Sir John Moore, and the other celebrated generals under whom they combated and defeated the armies of Napoleon, are ever in the mouths of the inmates of Chelsea Hospital.

The trio whom our artist has grouped together in the preceding page, are engaged in a game at cards. See how different is the expression of their several countenances! The one on the left, who is in the act of playing the ace of diamonds, is a cheerful-looking, good-natured veteran. In the countenance of the figure in the middle, there is an expression of mingled mildness, gravity, and intelligence, which is calculated to inspire respect; while in the countenance of the personage on the right, there are imprinted all the indications of a man labouring under a paroxysm of chagrin and anger; most probably caused by his ill-luck at cards. A more "Broughamian" physiognomy, if a word may be coined for the occasion, than this inveterate "enemy of the French" exhibits, when his Lordship is in one of his surliest and most savage moods, in the House of Peers, it were impossible to imagine.

THE BANDIT NOVICE.

A SCENE IN SPAIN.

"COME, gentlemen, get up,—'tis growing late!—Let us see if we can fall in with the stage-waggons which are to halt for the night at the venta."

Thus it was that Veneno addressed his predatory band, who were enjoying their *siesta* in a secluded spot near the Venta del Pinar, in La Mancha, on the road to Valencia. The banditti, accustomed as they were to obey their chief implicitly and promptly, mounted instantly on horseback, and entered a path leading to the most fitting place for the intended operation.

They had been but a few moments at their station, when a man, on foot, was perceived advancing along the road; halting, however, now and then, and reconnoitring the

ground in all directions. He was a young man of about four-and-twenty, dark complexioned, tall and stout in proportion, but with a very forbidding countenance.

Veneno put spurs to his horse, and was by the side of the traveller before the latter could have had an idea that there was any one within eye-reach.

"Halt, wretch!" cried Veneno, thrusting the muzzle of his blunderbuss close to the man's face.

"Good afternoon," said the stranger, in a harsh, hollow tone of voice.

"Of course you are a spy," replied Veneno. "Offer a short prayer instantly to the Virgin—if not, I will despatch you to the other world, without that ceremony."

"Hold! friend," exclaimed the young man, "I am no spy—quite the reverse. My object in coming here is to gain admittance into your band, if possible."

"Ah! that's another affair: but you have no horse; and the whole of us are well mounted."

"No matter," replied the stranger, "the first traveller shall supply me with a horse."

"Take to the right," said Veneno, "my men are close by:—but if you aim at deceiving us, woe betide you."

The new comer turned off to the right, as directed: the captain followed. They soon entered a copse, and upon a signal—a shrill whistle—from Veneno, he was instantly surrounded by his band.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I took this young man for a spy; but it seems he wishes to join our squadron. What is your native place, my friend?"

"I don't see," answered the stranger, "what need you have to inquire where I was born; but I'll tell you all that is necessary to prevent you from mistrusting me. I had a sweetheart who had taken it into her head to flirt with another man; I invited the gentleman last night to take a friendly glass at the village wine-house: we left rather late, and, as we were turning the corner of the Plaza, I made him a present of three stabs with this knife. I then went to the house of the young girl, who upon a signal agreed on between us, came to the barred window on the ground-floor, and conversed with me with the utmost confidence, for some time: on parting, I slashed her face from top to bottom with the same knife. Having heard many favourable reports of you, I felt desirous, under these circumstances, of forming your acquaintance; and here I am!—determined, with your permission, to remain with you."

"Well," rejoined Veneno, "most likely all you say is true:—your very expressive countenance is almost a guarantee of the recklessness of which you have just related so praiseworthy an instance. Nevertheless, a little prudence is necessary with regard to new acquaintances."

"Nothing can be more reasonable," replied the stranger.

The captain then turning to his men, said, "Comrades, shall this young man be admitted among us?"

"Yes—yes," was the universal answer.

Veneno then addressed the new comer as follows:—

"From this hour you are one of us; I will now state the condition which every man you see here has been obliged to fulfil after having been admitted into our band: namely, the new member must murder the first traveller who may approach!—and bear well in mind that if the Novice should flinch, we send the contents of a blunderbuss into his brains. Any one of the band is authorized to do so—if two at a time undertake to give him this dismissal, so much the better. Several who thought themselves brave, but proved otherwise at the critical moment, are now recounting their disasters in the other world."

"The son of my mother shall not go thither with such a piece of news," cried the Novice.

At this moment a muleteer was perceived advancing along the high road, in charge of a number of beasts of burthen. The robbers again concealed themselves in the wood.

"It is Antonio, the carrier of San Clemente," said the captain.

"And he is not alone," added the second in command.

"True," rejoined Veneno, "there is a gentleman with him."

"Who will give me a fire-arm?" cried the Novice.

"I always do beginners the honour of lending them my own blunderbuss and my poniard," replied the captain;—"take great care of this little fellow," he added, giving him the blunderbuss, "he has never opened his mouth unless to honour his master; and as to the other plaything, it goes, of its own accord, right to the heart!"

It being generally known that Antonio the muleteer had made a pecuniary arrangement with Veneno and his band, in virtue of which he was exempt from molestation by them, he was usually accompanied in his journeys by travellers who were glad thus to insure the safety of their persons and property. On the present occasion the *escríbano*, or lawyer of one of the neighbouring villages, was jogging along astride one of Antonio's baggage-mules.

The robbers remained in ambush: but their captain and the Novice waited on the road to receive the carrier and his companion.

"Good afternoon, Antonio," said the captain.

"*A Dios!* Veneno," replied the muleteer, "how are you getting on? How are your people?"

"All well, my boy: are there any troops hereabouts?"

"Not a single soldier," answered Antonio.

"My good fellow," said Veneno, "some demon must have tempted you to come this road to-day, and at this moment too!"

"I don't understand you!"

"Neither is it very easy to do so," rejoined the captain, "without my explanation. The fact is, that we have just received this young man into our confraternity; and in fulfilment of an invariable rule in my squadron, the Novice must be baptized in blood!"

"But!" cried the affrighted muleteer.

"Not your blood, Antonio;—for we are old and faithful friends, you know. Who is this other bird?"

"A lawyer of Ciudad-Real."

"Well!—he will not draw up any more wills," said Veneno coolly.

"What do you mean?" cried Antonio.

"What I say," was Veneno's stern reply. He then said to the trembling lawyer,

"My friend, repeat your *Paternoster* as soon as you can."

"I would be better to dispatch him without praying," growled the Novice, examining the priming of his blunderbuss.

"Oh Jesus!—save me!—O save me, sir!" shrieked the lawyer.

Antonio also threw himself at Veneno's feet, and cried, "For God's sake spare his life:—he is related to my wife."

"Shall I fire?" demanded the Novice, grinning horribly.

"Stop a moment," replied Veneno, "when women are in the case, one must be considerate." Then turning to the muleteer, he peremptorily inquired if what he had just stated were true.

"He is my wife's first-cousin," said Antonio, "and if you kill him I shall become a widower the moment my poor Barbara hears the sad news."

"You would not be a great loser on that score," said the captain; "however, I am anxious to oblige you." He then said to the Novice,

"Put up your flute, my lad; we don't require music at present!"

When the poor lawyer found that his sentence was revoked, his joy overpowered him, and he fell exhausted upon the ground, whence he was raised with the greatest difficulty by Antonio and the two robbers. Veneno then held the poor man's head back, and made him swallow some brandy from a calabash, which was slung across his shoulder; and with a hearty squeeze of the hand, offered his services, and those of his troop, whenever they might be useful to him. He was then hoisted on his mule, Antonio mounted another, and accompanied by the captain and the Novice, who was on foot, they proceeded towards the *venta*.

They had not advanced above fifty yards, when a horseman was perceived coming towards them, followed by a servant on foot.

"My boy!" said Veneno to the Novice, "in order that this legal gentleman may perceive that we were not in jest, we will dispatch the penitent now before us, in his presence. Go to the other side, Antonio—but don't quit the road."

The newly arrived traveller kept jogging on; evidently having no suspicion as to the people who were advancing towards him.

"Halt!" cried Veneno, on arriving abreast of him. Then turning round to the Novice, he said,

"Accompany this gentleman, lest anything disagreeable should happen to him farther on." He then rode up to the servant, saying,

"If you stir, I'll knock the lid of your brain-box off!"

Two minutes afterwards an explosion was heard: the poor traveller who had been placed under the *escort* of the Novice, had ceased to exist!

"My brave lad!" shouted Veneno, "charge your blunderbuss again, and come back."

Antonio and the lawyer moved away, horror-struck. When they had reached the top of a hill overlooking the road, the latter turned his head, in order to discover what direction the robbers had taken. Veneno had not moved,—he had been waiting for this very natural occurrence; and now made a sign to the Novice, who instantly shot the servant of the gentleman he had just murdered; and the bandit chief raising his voice to its utmost pitch, in order that the muleteer might hear it, shrieked out—

"Antonio! Antonio!—this last dose has been administered to prevent tales being told!"

[We give the preceding story, not because it is a tale of blood, but because it exhibits the life of the bandit, stripped of the nonsensical romance with which it is sometimes invested. Such a life, instead of being one of wild, stirring adventure, touched with generous enthusiasm, is a cold, cruel, vulgar, atrocious life—the life of men without a spark of good feeling, or the slightest chivalric emotion. Happy the country which has no banditti!—Ed.]

LITERARY AND MORAL GEMS.—No. I.

SELECTED FOR THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL
BY A LADY.

DIFFICULTIES USEFUL.

If any man possessed every qualification for success in life, it is probable he would remain perfectly stationary. The consciousness of his powers would tempt him to omit opportunity after opportunity to the end of his days. Those who do succeed, ordinarily owe their success to some disadvantage under which they labour, and it is the struggle against a difficulty that brings facilities into play.—*Thomas Walker.*

When we prepare for the reception of pleasure, pleasure never arrives. Recollect any moment of exquisite enjoyment, and you will find it has had as little resemblance to the moments that preceded it, as the meteor to the cloud which it transiently brightens. A few fugitive notes breathed in a sudden pause; an impassioned sentiment suggested by a withering flower or an evening sky; an unfinished picture with some brilliant touches, that make you think it will be *more* than perfect when finished, and hide from you that its principal charm is its being unfinished; such are the true sources of pleasure. In whatever pleases man, there must be something that resembles his nature, something imperfect that awaits a fuller development.—*Milesian Chief*.

CONSTANCY.

Hardly any thing distinguishes betwixt good and evil, but *continuance*. If good thoughts look into a wicked heart, they stay not there. The light that shines into a holy heart, is constant like that of the sun.—*Bishop Hall*.

There is nothing more incompetent than abstract descriptions of character: man is not to be represented by description, but by action.—*Maturin*.

SICK WIVES.

I am strongly of opinion that sick wives are very interesting for a short time, and very dull for a long one. It is of great importance that females of all classes should reflect upon this distinction, and not abuse a privilege most readily granted them, if exercised within the bounds of moderation.—*Thomas Walker*.

LONDON VEHICLES.*

By the Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," "Portraits of Public Characters," &c.

No. I.—OMNIBUSES.

Nothing more forcibly strikes the mind of a stranger on his first visit to the metropolis, than the immense number of vehicles he sees plying in all directions in the leading streets. Where they all come from, or how they all find sufficient employment, are matters which next engage his attention and fill him with surprise. In passing through Fleet street, Cheapside, and some of the other principal thoroughfares, the entire open space before the pedestrian, with the exception of the pavement on either side, appears on some occasions as if it were blockaded for the purpose of impeding the advance of some hostile army. Sometimes the vehicles are so densely wedged together, that if one could walk on horses' backs, and on the tops of waggons, omnibuses, coaches, cabs, and so forth, without the risk of slipping his foot, he might proceed two or three hundred yards without once touching the causeway. The progress made on such occasions by those who are inside of the vehicles, must, it is needless to say, be necessarily slow. I have often seen fifty or sixty vehicles of all kinds, compelled to come to a dead stand of some minutes' duration, in consequence of the interruption offered by one of the number. The time which is, on some occasions, required to pass along Cheapside, though only of about a quarter of a mile in length, in any two-wheeled or four-

wheeled vehicle, is from fifteen to twenty minutes. Those therefore with whom time is an object, should always employ their legs instead of vehicles, no matter of what kind, in passing along that part of the metropolis.

The noise which is heard in the leading thoroughfares of London, where omnibuses, coaches, cabs, and other vehicles thus prevent each other proceeding on their journey, is sometimes of a very disagreeable kind. I refer to the altercations and recriminations which take place among the drivers and conductors. The language used by these persons is not, at any time, particularly adapted to please "ears polite;" on such occasions it is peculiarly coarse. They swear away at each other at a furious rate, and always at the full stretch of their voices,—which as every one who has been in London will bear me witness—are of first-rate capabilities. I have a shrewd notion, that were Stentor himself alive, he would have the mortification of seeing, or rather hearing himself surpassed in the power of his lungs, by the London "vehicle men" of the present day. But their achievements in the way of abusing one another are still more extraordinary. They pour out the richest vituperation on each other without a seeming effort. To talk abuse of the coarsest and heartiest kind appears to be a matter of course to them. Cobbett used to be considered pre-eminent among his contemporaries for the richness and copiousness of his abuse. Among contemporary writers, I believe, he was entitled to the palm of distinction in that way. But if cab men and omnibus men were to be taken into the account, Cobbett's abuse was unworthy of the name. In the art of vituperation, he could, as compared with this class of persons, be considered as at best but a mere pigmy. One of them would speak in a couple of minutes much more real genuine abuse, than ever Cobbett, even in his happiest moods, could have written in a whole Register.

It is worthy of observation in all those cases in which cab and omnibus men vituperate each other, whether that vituperation proceeds from the one fancying that the "vekel," as they themselves say, of the other, interferes with the progress of their "run," or from any other cause,—it is I say worthy of observation, that notwithstanding all their seeming violence of manner, they never come to blows. A fight between two omnibuses or other vehicle men, is one of the rarest sights in London; and yet no stranger could pass down Cheapside, or any other leading thoroughfare, without feeling a conviction in his own mind from the loud altercations and vehement manner of the parties, that the abuse that is going on must end in downright blows in at least forty or fifty instances. To pull one another's nasal organs, to extinguish each other's luminaries, and to do sundry other things to which I dare not allude, are among their favourite threats. And yet they never, or at least not in one case out of a million, either lay their hands or their whips on one another. They are the best specimens of genuine Bobadils that ever existed.

The omnibuses are of recent origin. They date no farther back than twelve or fourteen years. They are clumsy vehicles, but extremely convenient. They are licensed to carry twelve persons inside. A few of them are licensed to carry fourteen. They have no outside passengers, except in very rare cases, and these are always when the vehicle plies to some place in the suburbs. The omnibuses usually measure about twelve feet in length, by four in breadth, and three and a half in height. There is a cushioned seat on each side, with a range of small panes of glass, through which the passengers can see every thing in the streets as the vehicle wends its way. The conductor or guard stands on a sort of step at the entrance, about a foot lower than the bottom of the vehicle. The fare is

* It may be right to mention that some portions of this and the succeeding articles were furnished some time ago by the writer, to one of the most popular and extensively circulated periodicals of the day.

exceedingly cheap for those who have to go any distance. From Paddington to the neighbourhood of the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange, and which must be a distance little short of five miles, the fare is only sixpence. In returning the same distance, the charge is also a sixpence; indeed in no instance is the charge for going from one part of the metropolis to another more than a sixpence. You are charged, however, the same sum, though you only go a distance of a hundred yards. This arrangement is perhaps necessary; there would be no chance in such a place as London, of satisfactorily conducting what is called an omnibus business, on a scale of charges varying with the distance. The omnibuses stop to take up passengers in any part of town, and they also stop to put them down, wherever the passengers may wish, as a Yankee would say, to be "deposited." Nothing therefore could be more convenient than these vehicles. They ply in every part of London, only each one always adheres to a certain line, and that line as a matter of course is one of the leading thoroughfares. Strangers must be struck with the rapidity, notwithstanding what Sir Robert Peel would call their "ponderous appearance," with which they proceed along the streets: the horses are often at a hard gallop; they always drive as rapidly in the heart of London, as a stage coach does in the open country, except in those cases, formerly referred to, in which the streets are blocked up by the vast numbers of vehicles all meeting in one place. And yet notwithstanding the amazing rapidity with which the omnibuses proceed through the streets of the metropolis, comparatively few accidents occur. This is owing to the singular skill of the drivers. It is surprising how closely they run to each other, and how near they often are in running over passengers; and yet without any accident occurring. The most experienced drivers of coaches in country towns, could not drive one of these omnibuses a single day along the streets of London, at the rate at which they are usually driven, without the occurrence of some disaster.

It is a hint which may be of no small advantage to those who visit the metropolis, that when intending to travel by an omnibus from one part of town to another, they should always choose those omnibuses which contain the greatest number of passengers. This is the only way to make sure of an expeditious journey. Though the law only allows them to stop three minutes, for the purpose of resting the horses in one or two places in the course of a journey of four or five miles, the drivers under one pretext or other always contrive to make pauses on the way, until they have picked up a sufficient number of passengers. In cases when they had only two or three passengers, I have often known them take a quarter of an hour to go a quarter of a mile. And yet you have no remedy. They will not allow you to go out and walk, or take any other vehicle, though you may not have been in two minutes, without paying the full fare. As for remonstrances, you might as soon address them to the horses. You will only get the worst language and most ruffianly treatment in return for any representations, no matter how mild, you may make on the subject of the unjustifiable delay they are causing you in your journey. It is true, that you may summon the proprietors to the police offices, and they will be fined in a penalty, varying according to circumstances, from £1 to £5; but this is attended with a world of inconvenience; and the fellows who conduct these vehicles, know this so well, that they always calculate on escaping the legal consequences of the vexation and delay they occasion to passengers. But if you go into an omnibus which is nearly full of passengers, you are sure, always excepting where there are unavoidable obstructions, to get expeditiously to your journey's end. Having got their

complement of passengers, or very nearly so, the drivers make no pauses on the way.

A more desperate and reckless set of fellows than those connected with the London omnibuses, never existed in a civilized country. They are almost daily brought up to the police offices for assaults on passengers who remonstrate with them for their delays, or for the offensive language which the least circumstance causes them to use; but the examples which have been made in this way by fine and imprisonment, seem to have no beneficial effect on others. Alderman Sir M. Wood has for three or four successive sessions brought in a bill to Parliament, with the view of abating the omnibus nuisance; but from some cause or other it has always been lost. In the mean time, a partial diminution of the evil has been effected by some private gentlemen having entered into a partnership among themselves to run a certain number of omnibuses in different parts of town. Hence, from the choice of servants which has been made, civility to passengers, and the avoidance of all unnecessary delays, is insured. The omnibuses of these gentlemen are painted in a peculiar way, and the servants wear livery round their hats, to distinguish their vehicles from others. Whenever a stranger sees one of these omnibuses he should give it the preference, if he have any regard to expedition and civility of treatment. A project was some time since set on foot for forming a large joint stock association, with a capital, if I remember rightly, of £50,000, to run five hundred omnibuses; but as I have not heard any thing of it for some time, I suppose it must be abandoned.

The entire number of omnibuses which are now constantly plying in the streets of London, is between six hundred and seven hundred. Those which ply in the suburbs are about two hundred in number. It is impossible to calculate accurately the number of passengers who travel from one part of town to another, or from the suburbs to town, in the course of a day, because the number varies considerably with the state of the weather, and the comparatively crowded or thin state of London at different times. Rainy days, or very hot weather, anything, in other words, which makes people prefer riding to walking, are best for the omnibus proprietors. The calculations I have made from the best data which are accessible, would give an average of passengers, taking one day with another, to each omnibus of one hundred and twenty. Supposing then the number of omnibuses to be between the numbers I have already stated, namely six hundred and fifty, that will make the number of passengers at 78,000. This is exclusive of the passengers who travel in the omnibuses which run in the suburbs. The price charged in town for omnibus travelling being sixpence, would give for each omnibus £3. per day; or for the entire number £1950.

The omnibus business is not a profitable one. I do not believe that one proprietor out of five gets it to pay the expenses; and yet they cling to it as long as they can, always hoping it will improve. The expenses are very great. First there is the price of the omnibus, which varies from £120 to £150. Then there are the expenses of the horses, which are very great in London; next come the expenses of a driver and conductor to each vehicle. Then again there is the duty; and lastly there are the tear and wear, fines, and other incidentals. As a pecuniary speculation, the running of omnibuses will never answer at the present charges, and the spirit of competition is so great among the proprietors, and the public have been so long accustomed to sixpenny fares, that better prices will never be procured.

My next article will be on the hackney coaches and cabs of the metropolis.

MAN AND HIS CAT.

A STUDY FOR PHYSIOGNOMISTS.

ONE night, musing by the parlour fire, our attention was attracted by Madame Felis and her kitten. Madame herself was in a grave mood—a brown study. She was doubtless pursuing a train of profound reasoning, and was therefore in no humour to be disturbed. But it so happened that little Miss Felis was inclined to be frolicsome; and as there was not even a ball of cotton within her reach, she began to tease her worthy mother to come out and have a game. Madame indicated her pleasure not to be molested, by various gentle hints, which however were not attended to by Miss; and at last her parent losing temper, held up her paw in a threatening attitude, exactly as a provoked mother does to a refractory child; and as the kitten made another playful dart, the up-raised paw came down on the side of the youngster's head with so effectual a *crack*, that all play was promptly dropped, and the kitten lay down on the opposite side of the fireplace, with a look that *seemed* to say—you are a nasty, cross old creature!

There was something so *human* in this little affair (for the cat's blow made a stronger impression on us than it did on the kitten,) that we felt quite inclined to give the old French essayist, Montaigne, full credit in saying that when he played with his cat, he did not know whether the cat was more amused with him, than he was with the cat. At all events, let our readers who are in any way skilled in physiognomy, study the "heads" we give here; and if they see any resemblances to the "human face divine," they may think that after all, man is more allied to the carnivorous creatures than at first we should be disposed to admit.

Our first "head" is that of Madame asleep. Reader, did you ever see any of your friends asleep, the expression of whose sleeping countenance you could mischievously compare with

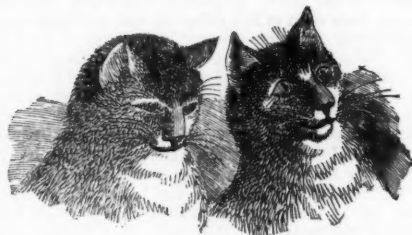


We must not however be too waggish. None know how they look themselves when asleep, so they had better spare their sleeping neighbours. Here is a yawn!



We had an old nurse who was rather fond of creature comfort, and when she fell asleep in her chair, she always gave such a yawn on awakening! Pass we however to something more human. Here we have on one side philosophical reflection, and on the other side astonishment and

admiration. The profound philosopher with downcast meditative eyes, looks as gravely reflective as two-thirds of

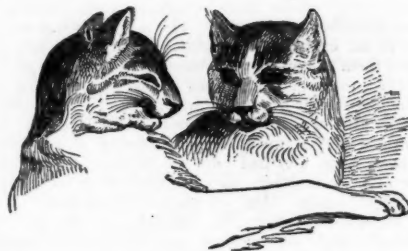


the human race; and as for the other, she is unquestionably exclaiming, "You don't tell me so!—well, I never!"

Our next is a continuation of "Well-I-Never's" profound expression, mixed with a little more sagacity, for Puss is pricking up her ears, and endeavouring to comprehend something she hears or sees.



The two following are "uncommonly like." One is playful, the other sulky. Happy Joe seems to be "He! he! that's good!—that's rich!" but sulky Bob would not laugh at present, if it was to do his heart good. "What do ye mean?" is the bad-humoured expression of ill-nature.



The succeeding heads are expressive, the one of suffering or impatience, and the other of a startled kind of reconnoitring cautiousness, as if Puss were preparing herself to be on her guard, and to let you know that she knows "a trick worth two of that!"



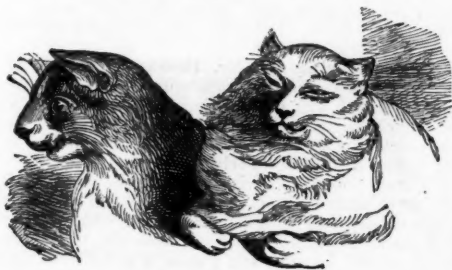
The next is good. What a hypocrite! The trencher is under the nose of Puss, but she is too much absorbed to observe a vulgar fact of that kind. Oh, no!—she has merely approached the dish quite unconsciously, and would not touch it for the world!



In the following contrast we have the animal in eager excitement, and in the other in calm repose. In the one case she is hungry, and sees a plump mouse in the distance; in the other enjoying a *siesta* after a satisfactory dinner.



Here again we have a variation of the preceding—



The succeeding express, in one case, anger and fear combined, and in the other simple fear. The different expression of the ears indicates the differences in the passions.



But now Puss is dead, and here ends this strange eventful history!



ADVENTURES OF A CAT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. COQUILLE.

In the principal hôtel garni in the Rue de Grenelle Saint Honoré, on a cold December evening, Mr. Thomas Knoderer, who had arrived the same morning from Strasbourg, was reposing near a good fire after the fatigues of the journey, and was tasting that felicity which follows a substantial dinner. A tray on which one saw a coffee cup, and a liquor-stand placed on the chimney piece in front of him, testified that he had wished to prolong the pleasures of the repast. His looks, rather agitated after resting some time on numerous papers, with which the table was covered, continually returned affectionately to caress the crystal of the decanters. He took the stopper out of one of them, the perfume of which he consulted; he helped himself to a small glass of the liquor, which he tasted slowly, drop by drop, like a man who does not wish to lose by his precipitation the fruits of an enjoyment, and after having clacked his tongue against his palate, and uttered a sonorous hem! he lit his meerschaum pipe, threw himself back in his chair, surrounded himself with a cloud of smoke, and waited.

Mr. Thomas Knoderer offered in himself a perfect model of the German figure. Long light hair which floated in disorder around his temples, a broad forehead, eyes well cut, a nose rather thick, which was furrowed by little red and blue lines, and a fat chin, an indication of corporeal desires. Join to this a tall stature, limbs of athletic breadth, and an air of frankness, honesty, and good humour. Such was the personage. The object of his journey deserves to be known by the reader. Thomas and Henry Knoderer, the one settled at Paris, the other at Strasbourg, first cousins, and masters of a somewhat considerable fortune, were the sole heirs of an old uncle, Mr. Max Speyerman Knoderer, of Wasselonne. This uncle had served in the army some time, but a ball, by breaking his right arm, had speedily procured him his dismissal, and he had retired to an estate which he possessed on the banks of the Rhine. He had constantly refused to marry, not wishing, he said, after having obeyed all his youth military leaders, to give himself another commander.

Nevertheless when he felt himself old, he made his will before a notary, and divided his large fortune equally between the two cousins. This duty fulfilled, he only thought of passing in tranquillity the last days which the gout might leave him. About this epoch, Thomas came to stop a few weeks at his uncle's château. Nobody knows how many good stories they told, how much Rhenish wine they drank, how much tobacco and beer they consumed! Thomas's gaiety was boisterous and expansive. His tastes and temper suited wonderfully with those of the old man. A day was chosen, when his gout had given him some intermission, for him to follow in a carriage one of those

boar hunts which had so amused his youth. So he protested with an oath that his nephew from Strasbourg was the best companion to be found on that side the river.

Shortly after, Mr. Max Speyerman Knoderer died suddenly. His will, drawn up by a village notary, was obscure on many points. The limbs of the law assisting, Thomas and his cousin Henry were soon engaged in a lawsuit; but one morning as Thomas was looking through an old book, in which the deceased had written his farm rents, and numerous recipes for horses, he saw a sheet of paper fall. It was an autograph will, by which Mr. Max Knoderer revoking the will settled by the notary, divided afresh his fortune between his nephews, and gave Thomas as a mark of his affection, the entire possession of his estate at Wasselonne and the woods adjoining. This important writing was dated the very eve of his death, written entirely with his own hand, signed and presenting every possible condition of validity. Surprised by the first attacks of the malady which led him to the tomb, he had not had time to make known this new act of his pleasure. Thomas, furnished with this will, which terminated all proceedings by investing him with the greater part of his uncle's estate, set out immediately for Paris. His intention was to see his cousin, show him the document which fixed their respective rights, and stop a suit henceforth become without an object. On arriving, he hastened to Henry's house, but not having found him, he informed him by writing of his visit, and appointed an interview at his hôtel, at eight o'clock the same evening.

We have seen above in what state of mind and body he was awaiting this interview: the prospective of augmenting his patrimony, rather broken into by some youthful follies, and the pleasure of escaping from the trouble of a lawsuit, threw him into an agreeable reverie; he was pleased with himself, and benevolently disposed towards all mankind. Time glided away: Mr. Thomas rose to ascertain whether the papers were arranged in the same order as his ideas, and to re-peruse once more the precious will. Whilst he was thus standing, he heard something scratching against the door of the corridor: not knowing what this could be, he opened the door, and immediately a cat glided quickly between his legs, and ran to hide itself under the bed with such agility that Mr. Thomas scarcely saw it pass. He however made some attempts to gain the confidence of this unexpected visitor; he softened his voice as much as possible, and called it by all the names usual in such a case; but these advances were received with little favour, the animal did not decide upon quitting its retreat, and from the place where it had intrenched itself it fixed on the kind Thomas two eyes which sparkled like two carbuncles. The latter was ultimately disheartened by the uselessness of his endeavours, he dived again into his arm chair, and took his pipe, abandoning to its misanthropy the unsociable creature with which from fancy and for diversion he would have wished to form an acquaintance. He had completely forgotten it, when he saw it approach the fire step by step, and with circumspection seat itself upon its hind legs, and with the aid of its tongue commence a kind of toilet. Flattered by this unexpected proof of confidence, Mr. Thomas remained motionless upon his chair for fear of disturbing his new companion, and gazed at it with some interest.

It was a cat of common-place appearance, half angora, with a small head and short ears. Its face, its paws, and its back, were of a deep black; the remainder of its body was of a lighter brown. A greyish collar, forming a kind of ruff, descended upon its chest. Lastly, formidable whiskers, green eyes, and a tuft of long hair which grew on each of its eye-brows, gave its physiognomy an air of magisterial gravity.

Mr. Thomas Knoderer, seeing it a little accustomed to the novelty of the apartment, ventured some fondling demonstrations with it, which it no longer avoided. Encouraged, no doubt, by the cordial reception which was given it, it soon grew so familiar that it jumped upon the knees of its host, and thence upon the table, where it settled itself peaceably, looking at the fire with its green eyes half closed. Mr. Thomas was delighted: he no longer perceived the length of time; and without taking his pipe from his mouth, he said to his messmate with a strong Teutonic accent, "Py Jove, my friend, you ton't seem at all incommotet." And in fact it was not incommotet in any way. Cheered by the good fire which was burning in the grate, and doubtless quite young, it began at first to push a pen which was beside it slightly with its paw. Mr. Thomas had re-filled his pipe, and was drawing the smoke with an ardour quite novel. From the midst of this dense cloud which he spread around him, he followed vaguely the sports and tricks of the cat, which turned and rolled itself over in the midst of the old writings, with which the table was laden. Suddenly a sheet sent flying by a vigorous stroke of the paw, falls, and is carried by the current of air which the fire-place draws, into the midst of the flames. Mr. Thomas was plunged at that moment in a sort of drowsiness, through which he scarcely observed what was taking place. He roused himself, however, and recovered at the sense of danger, and precipitated himself upon the paper which the flames were devouring. He was too late: he only drew out some pieces on which there was no writing. The rest was consumed.

As for the author of this disaster, troubled by its conscience for its misdeeds, it had prudently sought refuge under an article of furniture.

This sheet which the fire had just annihilated, what did it contain? Mr. Thomas did not dare to ask himself the question. He gazed with a distracted eye at the useless fragments which he had rescued from the ashes. At last he looked upon the table; he searches, pushes the papers apart, his trembling hand leaves them, and returns to them twenty times. It is all over; the autograph will was no longer in existence.

Ter teufel! exclaimed Mr. Thomas Knoderer, when he could comprehend the immensity of his loss; then arming himself with a thick cane, he began to look for the unlucky animal, which was squatted in a corner, and was watching with a bewildered air the preparations for war against it which were being made.

"Cursed peast!" vociferated Mr. Thomas, perceiving it, and immediately he struck a terrible blow. The cat beat a retreat, and took refuge under the bed. Eagerly pursued again, it escaped under the commode, to return to its first retreat. Its persecutor granted it no truce: excited by the sense of his misfortune, and warming with the attack, he harassed it incessantly. For some time it employed all the cunning and activity it possessed to avoid these repeated blows. It ran round its prison, and skipped along the walls at the height of several feet. At last, reduced to extremities, it faced its enemy. It swelled in a frightful manner; all the hairs on its body stood on end; its eyes sparkled—its breathing was short and thick; it swore, mauled; then falling back upon itself it squatted upon its hams; and at the moment that Mr. Thomas again raised the cane it flew at him with an impetuous leap, and thrust its claws into the flesh.

It was a picture at once grotesque and fearful. Agitated by fear and suffering, Mr. Thomas struggled, crying, calling for assistance, and ringing all the bells. At that moment, the door of his room opened; a man appeared, but recoiled, affrighted at the scene which was before his eyes.

"Cursed peast!" roared Mr. Thomas Knoderer, "Help! help!"

The new comer hastened to deliver him from the clutches of his enemy, which no sooner saw the door opened than it darted into the corridor and escaped. But the stranger had had time to recognise it.

"Mia!" exclaimed he with astonishment. "Mia in this room!"

"Cursed peast!" repeated continually Mr. Thomas. "Where is my stick, that I may kill her?"

"In heaven's name, cousin, what does this mean? You are all over blood!"

"Apominable peast! lost! ruine!"

"Stay; let me wipe your face. Now be calm, and explain to me what has happened."

"You see, Cousin Henry, lost! ruine! Ter teufel!" Such an important document thrown into the fire, purt!"

"I do not understand any thing about it. What document? and how did Mia happen to be here?"

"Who is Mia?"

"That cat you were fighting with."

"Apominable peast!"

"It is a cat of mine which I had lost."

"Your cat?"

"The one which—I am astonished to find her again here. What has she done to you?"

Mr. Thomas Knoderer looked at his cousin wildly. One would have said that this coincidence confused his reason, and that he could not believe his ears. Suddenly he burst forth. "What has she done to me? She has thrown into the fire an autograph will of our uncle, a will in my favour. Ter teufel! ant which I was tesirous of showing to you. It's a shappy trick, a roppery, a villanous thing."

"What do you mean? What nonsense is this? What will is it you have been talking about?"

Mr. Thomas could contain himself no longer. "Yes," added he furiously, "you have sent her here on purpose. There is some snare in it which I tont unterstant. Nonsense! a nonsense which ruins me. Put you are not at the ent of it: we will go to law about it, Sir; we will go law about it. Go away—leaf me alone—get out of here, I tell you."

Whatever Mr. Thomas Knoderer might think, it was really Mia, the cat which Mr. Henry Knoderer had lost.

Whence did she come, and how was it she was found in this hotel, in the Rue de Grenelle St. Honoré?

Between Mr. Henry Knoderer and his cousin from Strasbourg one remarked the most striking contrasts, not only in the physical but also in the moral character. The sweet pale features and the natural grace of Henry, were attractive at first sight. There was something pensive about him which excited interest and sympathy. After having spent several years in travelling through Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, he had fixed himself at Paris, where his taste for the fine arts retained him. The possessor of an independent fortune, married to a young and pretty woman, whom he had wedded for love, he lived surrounded by a small circle of intimate friends. He had a soul passionately fond of all that appeared noble and generous, a soul young, confiding to an excess, full of noble thoughts and amiable illusions. One thing alone was wanting to his happiness. He had been married three years, but had no children. With his taste for the arts, Henry was not what is called un homme de salon. Balls and noisy assemblies caused him as much ennui as fatigue; he really only felt at his ease in his study amidst his favourite authors: Hoffman especially delighted him. Like that original writer, he seemed to have for familiar demon, a cat, which he called Mia. Fierce and savage with the

people in the house, she only allowed herself to be stroked by him; she ran to him at his voice like the most faithful dog; she accompanied him from room to room, and when he was writing she settled herself unceremoniously upon the desk near his hand, and followed with an intelligent eye the pen which ran along the paper.

Unfortunately these qualities were disfigured by numerous defects. So the master's favourite had for her avowed enemies the mistress and her lady's maid. What did they not lay to her charge? The very favour which she enjoyed, and the signal protection which was shown her on all occasions, were in their eyes the greatest of her misdeeds.

In a household so limited as Henry Knoderer's the least thing is an event. The war which was declared against Mia began to occupy it. On her side Madame Knoderer kept up the struggle with extraordinary zeal. She was a little delicate woman with light hair and languishing airs; one of those nervous irritable women, who beneath an appearance of meekness conceal a despotic character. Mortified by the resistance she met with, she plotted with her confidante. Every means were used to rid themselves of the common enemy. Ill treatment, starvation, blows, were of no avail. She merely grew more fierce and more dear to her master.

"Would you believe," said one morning Madame Knoderer, "would you believe, Mr. d'Anvillers, that my husband takes his cat's part against me, that frightful beast which you know? Did any one ever see any thing so unreasonable?"

Mr. d'Anvillers was the intimate friend of Henry. In that title he ought to have defended him; but do not reckon upon intimate friends.

"Really, Madame," replied he, "you surprise me; that is not very gallant. Well, why do you not do one thing?"

The advice which Mr. d'Anvillers then gave was immediately put into execution. Mia disappeared. What became of her? We have seen that chance or instinct led it to the hôtel garni in the Rue de Grenelle Saint Honoré. It was there that she was found by Mr. Knoderer, who had uselessly increased his researches, and who carried her home in triumph without suspecting the service she had rendered him. His cousin, Mr. Thomas Knoderer, wearied the tribunals with his complaints, and exhausted all the jurisdictions. He produced several witnesses to whom he had imparted the discovery and tenor of the autograph will. He cited before the court, the lawyer and the notary who had seen this document in his hands, and recognised its validity. The master of the hôtel garni and the waiters appeared in their turn, and deposed that the cat, the description of which they gave, had suddenly appeared in the establishment, and that Henry Knoderer had recognised it, and carried it away as his. All these evidences were insufficient. The material proof in support of it was wanting; and after long disputes the moiety of the immense wealth of Mr. Max Speyerman Knoderer came to Henry Knoderer, who, never having given any credit to the unlikely story of the autograph will, enjoyed this inheritance without scruples and without remorse.

PICTURES OF LIFE.

THE MAN WITH TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

By Miss E. Watts.

PART THE FOURTH.

THE drawing-rooms of the Dowager Lady Templeton resembled all the fashionable drawing-rooms of her youth; chairs, tables, stools, sofas, ottomans, fauteuils, musical

instruments surrounded by their appendages, and stands of various devices groaning beneath accumulations of costly ornaments, were scattered about in most admired confusion; so much so indeed, that should you desire to travel to any particular spot, you would find it necessary to trace out your route before attempting it, and would require no inconsiderable mathematical genius to attain that end with the fewest circumambulations.

Lady Elinor was at present the only occupant of this domestic labyrinth. She sat, or rather reclined, in a damask-covered arm-chair, an open letter lay upon her knee, and (most unusual with her) her eyes were red with weeping. She read the letter, laid it down, read it again, and again she suffered the hand that held it to drop upon her knee. Then for a while she appeared to be very earnestly employed following the intricacies of the kaleidoscope pattern on the carpet; or, she might be admiring her own tiny foot as it rested on the cushion before her. Once more she read the letter carefully through, kissed the signature, and started and blushed at what she had done. (How vain the writer of that letter had cause to be!)

She heard the steps of her mother in the lobby, and rose to meet her.

"What! my Elinor in tears," cried the countess in surprise.

"Oh! mamma, I have heard from Algernon at last, he will be home—he will be here this evening; and he asks me if he may speak to you at once."

"And you are very willing that I should receive him kindly? Is that how I may read?" inquired the mother.

"He says that he hopes time has left me as unchanged as himself," said Lady Elinor, avoiding a direct answer, and turning to the letter that she might not have to raise her eyes to her mother. "He does not think you will object on account of our youth now; and I think, Mamma,—I do not think"—

"My little girl thinks," said Lady Templeton affectionately, "that as her lover has much rank but little money, she may be allowed to make up this deficiency with her fortune. Do I interpret right?"

"Dear, dear Mamma, I will do whatever you wish me, but"—

"The Hon. Augustus Lennox," announced the footman, throwing open the drawing-room door; and, as he entered, Lady Elinor precipitately made her escape by another way.

The object of Mr. Augustus Lennox's present visit to the Countess Templeton's is already known to the reader. He inquired after Lady Elinor, and requested permission to see her. On being informed that she was engaged, and did not intend to receive company that morning, he determined nevertheless to avail himself of so good an opportunity; and accordingly, as he could not see the daughter, he came to a hasty determination to open his mind to the mamma.

He proposed for the hand of the young lady with very evident expectation of a favourable reception; he enlarged with much eloquence on his devotion to her, and even proceeded to descant on the eligibility of uniting two estates, happily placed for the purpose. He would have launched into minuter detail, but the Countess cut short his well-digested speech, and checked his high towering hopes, by declaring her daughter to be already engaged to a ward of her late father.

"The young people have long been attached to each other," continued the Countess with a quiet dignity well calculated to check the aspirant suitor: "their extreme youth has hitherto stood in the way; but as I esteem that the only objection, and one which time has even already removed, I expect that the wedding will very shortly take

place. As she spoke she arose from her seat to deprecate further discussion.

Augustus also rose. For a moment he stood debating with himself the practicability of trying to alter the determination of the Countess and her daughter; not, however, seeing his way very clear in this, he took his departure with a crest-fallen and somewhat offended air.

The possibility of a rejection had never, even for a moment, flashed across his mind; the disappointment was proportionably great. He threw himself into a corner of his cab with a mingled sensation of surprise, chagrin, and mortified pride. In all this his heart had, perhaps, as small a share as any part of the mysterious union of mind and matter that went to form the tout-ensemble of Augustus Lennox; for his feelings with regard to the lady had all along been too changeable, too evanescent to take very deep root; and while Rachel Irving held the strongest influence over his fancy and his feelings, pride and interest had been the most powerful advocates for his admiration of Lady Elinor. In most cases of this sort, it would require a curious research to discover how much of mortified self-love mingles with the disappointment. In the present, to say truth, there was a large portion.

Augustus drove on for some two or three miles, too cross even to think. All things appeared distorted through the lens of his own disconcerted mood. After a while he imperceptibly fell into a more regular train of thought. "Well, Mrs. Schneider will be gratified at any rate; but there is one comfort, she will also be annoyed: for she evidently has no suspicions, and has never been consulted with regard to this boy, this skipjack, this ward, whoever he may be. 'Attached to each other!' I wonder what he is to be preferred to me: richer no doubt. But the dainty Lady Elinor shall not think I am broken-hearted about her. She may chance to discover that there are women as handsome, and as clever, and all that, as she is. And I will vex her by marrying the beautiful artist. I know she has no lover in the corner; for so much I gleaned from that grubby maid. To be sure, pride does stand in the way; but dash pride, say I, I shall have the handsomest and the cleverest wife of all the chaps I know; so here goes, for Gray's-inn-lane." He continued in a similar, although certainly a more agreeable train of thought, until he arrived at his destination.

Rachel was alone in her painting room. She was surprised and somewhat startled by his unusual warmth of manner; for she had never looked upon him as anything nearer than an acquaintance. It is true his frequent visits had been very welcome to her, for they had furnished amusement to her mother, and varied the monotony of the sick-room, which her own close application to painting often obliged her to leave; and thus she had felt and shown pleasure at seeing him, which he had, of course, translated into a decided preference. His manner had hitherto been very guarded; she was therefore much astonished when he assailed her with a string of high-sounding compliments and professions. She parried these with a dignity intended to check presumption, but Augustus only renewed his efforts, in expectation that she would say something calculated to lead him on to a decided declaration. At length, beginning to think his companion unusually dull, he took a bold step,—proposed to her in plain terms, and—as was as plainly rejected.

"I think you scarcely understand me," he said, "my heart is yours already; I offer you my hand in marriage, decidedly, honourably. My name, my rank, my fortune, my estates, all are at your feet. I freely offer all to you."

"With every acknowledgment for the honour conferred," Rachel answered mildly, "I must still decline all these advantages. As a friend—"

"And am I then to understand that you refuse my offer, Miss Irving?" interrupted Augustus; "Oh! no, I see you are coy."

"Indeed, Sir," replied the young lady, withdrawing her hand, which he had attempted to take; "Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken, I mean exactly what I say."

"And pray may I beg to know your reason?" demanded the young gentleman; "A previous engagement?"

Rachel was somewhat perplexed at her lover's pertinacity. "No," she said; "I have no engagement, no idea of marrying. But you must, nevertheless," she added, fearful that this acknowledgment might be misconstrued, "receive my answer as final."

"I cannot, Madam," retorted Lennox; "I cannot receive your answer as final, without some explanation. It is so strange, so unexpected, so unaccountable, that in your station—your present station, I mean, you should refuse me. I must demand the reason."

"As I have told you that my decision is not to be altered," urged Miss Irving, "it can give you no satisfaction, but may cause you pain."

"Notwithstanding, I must,—I will know the reason."

"Then you must not take what I say unkindly," replied Rachel. Although she felt piqued at his presumption, she would gladly have avoided this explanation, rather than run the risk of wounding his feelings, and her voice was tremulous as she spoke. "You persevere on insisting to know my feelings, and therefore must not be mortified at hearing them. I, in fact," she continued, gaining firmness as she proceeded, "see nothing in your disposition, which, as a husband, could render me happy. You have too good an opinion of yourself, to make such a companion as I could be happy with. You are too selfish to return a devoted, unselfish love. Your life has been but a useless tissue of nothings. You have never sought to be useful to your fellow-creatures; consequently you are neither happy yourself, nor capable of making another so."

Lennox was agitated by many conflicting feelings, but anger was predominant. He walked to the window and back again, to the window again, and again returned to the table at which the young artist sat.

"I am flattered by your opinion of me, Madam," he at length said; "but you may repent, Miss Irving. Farewell, Madam, you will never see me again."

"Come, come, this must not be," cried Rachel, extending her hand; we must not part in anger. At some future time, you will meet some one more worthy than I am, and better able to return your affection. I prophesy," she added kindly, as he took her proffered hand, "that you will henceforth seek some employment for your mind, and thus you will become more useful and more happy."

"And if that were the case, would you still refuse me?"

"Yes."

He pressed her hand, and hurried from the room. A moment after, the wheels of his cab rattled over the stones of Gray's Inn Lane; and, for the last time, he lost sight of the house, at which he had passed some of the happiest hours of his life.

He threw his servant the reins, and abandoned himself to thought. "She was right," he said bitterly, forgetful in the momentary intensity of feeling, that he was not alone; "my life has been a useless tissue of nothings. I have never been useful to a living creature, and with all the excellencies that I have attributed to myself, I am indeed wholly unworthy of her. But O! without rank, fortune, or any other worldly advantage, she is still dearer to me, than ever was Lady Elinor, or any of those sunshiny daughters of prosperity. I never thought until this moment, that she was so very dear to me! Her

high-minded virtue—her devotion to her mother—her dignity of manner, and her pride as great as my own,—oh! Rachel, in you I have indeed lost all. How easily I might have been all that she would have loved—the contrary of what she despises. But it is useless to look back."

His retrospections were here cut short, by the sight of the showy britzka of Mrs. Schneider. "Drive on," he whispered to his man, and he looked another way; but it was useless, the lady would not allow him to pass her so easily.

"You must positively step into my carriage," she shouted at the top of her voice, "I have something of importance to say, so come along."

Thus pressed, Augustus felt obliged to comply: he accordingly joined Mrs. Schneider, and sent his cab home alone. She appeared to have quite forgotten the manner of their last parting, for she was very voluble and very communicative.

"Do you know," she cried almost as soon as he was seated by her side, "I have heard all about your making an offer to Nelly. They were so close, I could hardly get it out, but you know I am pretty sharp, so with the help of my suspicions I wormed it out. And I am very sorry for you, because I do not at all like the young man she is going to have. I know he does not like me. Now I hope you do not really think of throwing yourself away on that artist, do you? You do not think of marrying her, do you?"

"I do not think of marrying her," Augustus replied mechanically. "Come now, be not down-hearted because you have been refused once. But, really, do you mean to make an offer to this Miss Irving?"

"I do not," Mrs. Schneider looked him full in the face, as if to glean the subject of his thoughts. "I have already done so," he continued, "and there too I am rejected."

"Rejected!" exclaimed Mrs. Schneider in incensed amazement; "rejected by a penniless, beg—"

"Excuse me, Madam," interrupted Augustus, "I do not wish to hear Miss Irving thus spoken of."

"But what could have induced you to think so much of her?" inquired the old lady.

"Was it wonderful that I should wish to secure a beautiful and talented wife?" and he tried to summon a smile, but it died in a quiver of the nether lip.

"Oh! a talented wife," echoed his companion; "well, do you know I always advise all the young men I know, never to seek talented wives. What is the use of such a one when you have got her? An empty-headed fellow does not understand her; and a clever one either envies her, or else thinks it a great bore to meet reasoning when he wants amusement; let me advise you never to think any more of a talented wife." Lennox was in no mood to parry Mrs. Schneider's singular opinions, so she continued. "But for her to refuse you—well, I never—It is quite certain she will never get a husband as long as she lives."

I must entreat the forgiveness of my fair readers, when I state, that Mrs. Schneider's prognostications were fulfilled. Rachel Irving, in a great degree through the strenuous and unvarying exertions of Lady Elinor Templeton, rose to an eminence in her profession seldom attained by females: her mother was soon removed to a pleasant house at Finchley,—her own loveliness was heightened by the bloom of health, and in her own opinion, she was perfectly happy; but—"she has not yet got a husband."

POETRY.



CHURCH GOERS.

How sweetly wide this sabbath morn
The chime of village bells is sent
O'er the hamlets, o'er the fields,
With sabbath sunshine blent.

The noble hears and quits his hall—
The peasant quits his cottage-home:
All cheerfully, all pleasantly,
To church the people come.

They come from far off heathy moors,
From lonely farms, from quiet dells,
Led strongly, irresistibly,
By the sweet chime of sabbath bells.

Across the fields, across the green,
From shades emerge they to the light;
And seen in groups, or singly seen,
It is a cheering sight.

And who are these, this homely pair,
Who slowly come, yet come not late;
Who now have nearly reached, and now
Are entering at the churchyard gate?

The feeblest she of ancient dames,
And he the greyest of old men:
They've had, I trow, long, long ago,
Their 'threescore years and ten'!

Well are they known, old Charles and Ruth,
And kindly greetings do they get,
As they by earlier comers there
Are in the churchyard met.

The pastor—will he, Levite-like,
Pass by them on the other side?
Not he—the venerable man,
Untouched by human pride.

Their faces brighten in his smile,—
A recognition that accords
From spirit unto spirit there,
Far more than passing words.

'Tis but three fields unto their home—
Three narrow fields, the young would say;
But unto them in their old age,
It is a long and toilsome way.

Two years it is since last together
This well-known sabbath walk they tried;
And since, though wooed by loveliest weather,
They have not left their own fire-side.

It was for them a grievous time,
For they were then in sables drest,
And followed one, the last of nine,
Their son, to his eternal rest.
They see his grave, their parents' graves,
Their children's, where themselves shall lie;
For they have fixed, and see the place
With no repugnant eye.
Why toil the aged pair to church,
This bright and breezy summer's day,
When they have reasons manifold
In ease at home to stay?
It was their wedding-day. It was,
Like this, a sweet and flowery time;
And strongly brings it back to them,
The presence of their prime.
To church they move, a tittering group
About their knees their children climb:
How full of bliss and pain art thou,
Old backward-looking Time!
How hush'd is now their cottage hearth;
Its stillness gives the heart a shock:
'Tis silent as a hermit's cave,
Far in the desert rock.
There was a time that clock's loud tick,
In life's familiar stir was drown'd:
But death has left such quiet there,
Disturbing is the sound.
Yet of their lives, the bright, the dark,
The deepest shades have passed away:
This day they dwell upon the bright—
It was their wedding-day.

RICHARD HOWITT.

VARIETIES.

MAN.—Man is but a reed, and the weakest in nature; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him; a breath of air, a drop of water will kill him. But even if the material universe should overwhelm him, man would be more noble than that which destroys him, because he knows that he dies, while the universe knows nothing of the advantage which it has over him. Our true dignity, then, consists in thought. From thence we must derive our elevation, not from space or duration. Let us endeavour to think well: this is the principle of morals.—*Pascal.*

Romances are a dangerous recreation. 'Tis like dining every day on sweetmeats; it palls your appetite for wholesome food, and at length makes you hate the sweetmeats too.

BOSTON HOTELS.—I never saw the Sabbath better observed any where; I never saw a larger portion of the population of any city turn out to attend divine service in some place or other. As a specimen of the manners of the place, I shall only add that I lodged during my stay at the Marlbro' house, a highly-respectable hotel, conducted on strict temperance, or rather abstinence principles. The breakfast hour was seven o'clock. At half-past six the bell was rung every morning for family worship, which consisted of singing, reading the scripture, and extempore prayer. On these occasions the boarders, as persons residing at an hotel are usually styled in America, are expected to attend; and one morning I counted as many as fifty-two rooms that were thrown into one for the occasion. The landlord of the hotel always conducts the singing himself; and if no clergyman is present, the other parts of the service also. We have no such hotels in Scotland.—*Lang's Religion in America.*

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